

The

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.

NOBISCUM

CHRISTUS

STATE.

School Record

July, 1938.



ARTS AND CRAFTS SHIELD.

Photo by)

(Holte, Stratford-on-Avon.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 60

JULY, 1938.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

D. HUNT, A. JENKINS, PARSONS, HUNT I.

Editorial.

As frontispiece this term we include a photograph of the new Arts and Crafts Shield. This shield, as many of our readers are aware, has been presented to the school by members of the Old Scholars' Guild, and we wish to take this opportunity of expressing to the Guild the school's heartiest thanks for their handsome gift. The school is now the proud possessor of two new shields, to encourage the friendly rivalry between the three sides which reaches a climax annually on Sports Day.

School Register.

Valete.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| *Baylis, A. (VI), 1932-38. | *Ison, D. M. (Upp. V), 1928-38. |
| *Gray, W. G. (VI), 1932-38. | Glover, R. J. (Low V), 1937-38. |
| *Hawkins, E. J. (VI), 1928-38. | Taylor, E. J. (Low V), 1935-38. |
| *Shrimpton, F. J. (VI), 1932-38. | |

* Prefect.

Salvete.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Collier, B. M. (Rem.). | Horton, B. N. (Rem.). |
| Davies, O. M. (Low IV b). | Kempster, C. J. E. (i). |
| Gittus, J. H. (i). | Marr, D. M. C. (iii). |
| Gooding, P. M. (i). | Singleton, D. V. (Low IVb). |
| Harris, D. A. (i). | Walsh, J. P. (i). |
| Harris, R. T. (iii). | |

There have been 205 pupils in attendance this term.

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SECRETARY—S. Styler. HON. TREASURER—L. G. Baylis.

The Summer Reunion will be held at School on Saturday, July 23rd. The annual cricket match with the School XI has been arranged to be played on the school field, and to start at three o'clock. As usual, an American tennis tournament will be played from 2.15 p.m. onwards. Will those wishing to take part notify the secretary not later than Thursday the twenty-first. Tea will be served as last year—'sit-down' for cricketers at five, and 'buffet' for tennis players from 4.15 to 5.15. Croquet, clock golf, darts, table tennis, cards, etc., will be available for those wishing to play. Supper will be in the hall at nine. There will be three courses: Grape Fruit; Ham, tongue and salads; Ices. Coffee will be served after supper in the Palm Lounges.

During the supper interval, the business meeting will be held, mainly to elect officers for the ensuing year. The retiring officers are the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the two Games Captains (E. Chattaway and J. Harper), three members of the Committee—E. Clark (Alcester), E. Holder (Bidford), S. Ledbury (Redditch). Any proposals of names of members to fill the vacant offices together with names of proposer and seconder, should reach the Secretary before the supper interval.

Congratulations to K. B. Ll. Bailey, who has passed the final examination of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, and has been elected an Associate of that Institute.

Also to P. J. Bayne on being placed first on the list at the passing-out examination of special and direct entry cadets held in *H.M.S. Vindictive* in March. He has gained four months seniority. He is now a Midshipman in the Mediterranean Fleet.

The Old Scholars' Football Club is organising a series of four dances in the Town Hall at fortnightly intervals, commencing on July 16th. Dancing will be from eight to midnight to music provided by the Alauna Dance Band. It is hoped that Old Scholars will patronise this effort, as the proceeds are for the Football Club.

Congratulations to Isobel Davis on passing the examination of the Central Midwives Board.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Mrs. Yates (née Sheila Hodgkinson), and we wish to express our deep sympathy with her widower.

Births.

On April 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. C. T. L. Caton—a daughter.

On April 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Devereux (née Kathleen Holworthy)—a son.

On April 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Haydon (née Ida Criddle)—a son.

On May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Grummett (née Muriel Smith)—a son.

On June 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Holder (née Madge Hemming)—a son.

On June 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Bunting (née Molly Sisam)—a son.

Marriages.

On May 7th, in London, Ralph Langston Jackson to Norah Baylis (scholar 1921-29).

On June 14th, at Alcester, George Henry Canning (scholar 1923-25), to Dorothy Eileen Wheeler.

On June 23rd, at Alcester, Valentine Jackson Chapman (scholar 1918-23), to Phyllis Claire Parks.

Death.

On April 29th, at Evesham, Sheila Yates (née Hodgkinson), aged 25 years.

Bookworms.

When one reaches something resembling a responsible age at A.G.S., one is charged, among other duties, with that of opening the Library door once a week, and attending to the wants of the folk who go there for books. It is on the whole an interesting job; especially if one's fellow-Librarian takes on the duty of writing down all the necessary information in the familiar green exercise books, while you can stand and watch the animated hunt for reading matter. In the winter the Library is crowded. There are readers with a taste for Scott or Dickens, readers who seek Dumas and Stanley Weyman, readers with a passion for John Buchan, A. E. W. Mason, or H. G. Wells, and some readers who do not particularly like reading at all, and at first come to the Library merely for something to read during the winter evenings, and gradually develop a taste for this or that author, or this or that particular kind of novel.

There is hardly anyone who neglects the Library during the winter terms, but it is only the Faithful Few who present themselves at the Library door at 1.35 p.m. in the Summer term. When April is over, there are so many other things claiming attention that the Library is often almost forgotten. First of all, of course, comes Sports' work, which claims most people's attention until the beginning of June. By that time, tennis and cricket are in full swing, and every available minute of the dinner-hour is needed for practice. And then—horrible thought—the examinations begin to draw near, creeping closer and closer while the days, all too short, fly by, until the fateful period is only a fortnight distant. Then, of course, all thoughts of such luxuries as novels have to be put aside; French irregular verbs, the Eastern Question, and the formula for the volume of a cone perforce claim every available minute in those last few weeks.

Therefore, in the Summer term, and especially in the latter half, the Library becomes strangely deserted, and one librarian sits there in solitary state, or spends the time examining little-known books, for future reading. Last week I found myself alone in the Library, and having nothing better to do, began to glance through the green exercise-books in which the entries are made. It amazed me to find how much interesting and amusing information could be gained therefrom.

It became evident from the first, that there are fashions in books; fashions that are determined by several factors, perhaps the most potent being recommendation. One member of Third Form tries "The Three Musketeers" and then recommends it to his best friend, who in turn passes it on to someone else, and

so forth, so that for perhaps two terms "The Three Musketeers" crops up every week in the Third Form book. "Vanity Fair," first tried tentatively by a member of the Upper Fourth, was at one time chief favourite with that form, although the present trend seems to be towards Stanley Weyman's novels. Alexandre Dumas had great popularity with a one-time Lower Fifth, who seem to have devoured novels with amazing rapidity, judging from the many entries made.

The next most compelling urge to read a certain novel, after the recommendation of one's friend, generally comes from a teacher, or from some connection with school work. For instance, it can generally be found that members of the Upper Fifth—with an eye to the General Literature paper at the end of the year—generally choose Scott, George Eliot or Jane Austen for their leisure hours. I believe they get far more pleasure out of reading them than they anticipate, and even for those who do not enjoy them, they provide plenty of material for argument later on!

Among the above-mentioned Faithful Few, who come to the Library every week even in the summer term, the species of reader known as the Plodder takes a prominent part. You may see an entry written in the Lower Fourth book in May, telling you that a certain person chose Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" for reading in one week; and the next week you will see a similar entry made only with a different date; in the third week "Pilgrim's Progress" is down for the same person, until, perhaps towards the beginning of June the "Pilgrim's Progress" is at last completed, and this painstaking individual embarks on another novel. I must say I admire the Plodder.

Perhaps the most amusing part of this examination of Library records is when one comes to the really old entries, made in the days when present-day old Scholars were in the Upper Fourth, or when this season's A.G.S. Cricket Captain was in the Third Form. If you are lucky, you may come across the information that in his younger (and evidently more frivolous) days, an old Scholar, who perhaps today is studying Divinity or Law, had a passion for Richmal Crompton's "William" books, or it may be that his chief delight was in reading books about pirates, or even fairies. On the other hand, there may be the equally amusing fact that a perfectly weak, harmless, and good natured kind of girl, when she was in the Lower Fifth, suddenly took a blood-thirsty liking to Conan Doyle's novels, or Alexandre Dumas' more thrilling stories. Perhaps the choicest of all these 'finds' is the record of how one member of the Third Form, now re-

membered chiefly for his prowess on the football field in later years, read "Alice in Wonderland" and Kipling's "Just So Stories."

It would be interesting to know whether these particular people still have these particular literary tastes !

P. R. H.

Batun.

My adventure during the first night in our new house was not a very pleasant one, although, upon reflection, I can see the amusing side. I had lain awake all night, and at about three in the morning, one summer's day, I decided that this was a good opportunity of seeing daybreak. As I have said before, it was a new house, and despite my efforts, the electric light would not work, and I had to dress in the pitchy darkness, being unable to find any matches. Then I found my shoes had completely disappeared. There was no time to waste, as sunrise was at four o'clock, and I decided to go downstairs in search of a pair of shoes or slippers.

The bedroom door took more finding than I could have believed possible. I felt slowly round the wall until I came to what felt like the door latch ; I pulled it ; and to my horror it came away in my hand ; it was the handle of a fancy vase placed on a table. From this, I ascertained the position of the door, and walked on to the landing.

I crept warily across the landing to the head of the stairs, and went slowly down the stairs. At least, I went down the first six slowly, and then got to the bottom in the record time of one second ; someone had carelessly left a stair rod loose, and I had accidentally stepped on it.

I picked myself up, and entered the drawing-room ; where while groping my way across, I put my hand into some slimy, sticky liquid. Then I remembered that the paper-hangers had left their materials in this room. Halfway across, I stepped on a paste brush, then some tacks left on the floor, and at last, dropped into a chair near at hand. While I was wiping the paste off and pulling the tacks out of my feet, I thought of the revenge I would have the next time I met these careless paper-hangers ; when I suddenly remembered I had used the paste brush and tacks last.

After finding some shoes, I started for the door leading into the kitchen. By groping round the walls, I felt sure I should come to the door. But just where the door ought to be, I banged

into a ladder. I went on round the walls, and suddenly came across another ladder. I went round the room half a dozen times, banging into hundreds of ladders, before I realised that I had been walking round a screen placed in the middle of the room, and there was only one ladder, placed against the door leading into the kitchen.

In the kitchen I found an electric torch ; it was all plain sailing now. I put on a greatcoat and sallied out into the open. Everywhere was pitch dark, no moon or stars. I looked at the luminous dial of my watch ; it was time dawn was breaking. I looked up into the sky, a faint light appeared, growing stronger as time went on ; then it began to pour with rain ; this was the beginning of a true British Summer's day ! I went back to bed as quickly as I could, to try to get some sleep.

Next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I found everybody as peevish and sleepy as I felt. They wanted to know what was the cause of the strange noises they had all heard early in the morning ; I felt too embarrassed to reply that it was I endeavouring to see the dawn.

G. H. S.

To a Frog.

Dear Mr. Frog, I should dislike
To find you in my bed ;
And you would give me such a fright
If you jumped upon my head.

I know that in the laboratory
I poked you with my pen ;
I'm sure you will forgive me
If I don't do it again.

For after all I couldn't be known
As 'timid' by my friends,
That name I really couldn't own,
My misery would know no ends.

Of course I know that of revenge
You would not even think,
But I'm telling you this just in case,
And I hope that it will sink.

PORTMAN (Upper IV).

On Looking Back.

It is usual for old men to look fondly back on the years that have passed and to meditate with misgivings on the present. It is inevitable in the circumstances that a comparison should be made between the two and the result is equally as inevitable, that the past excels the present. And so as I look back on the good old days, I scratch my beard and say, most ruefully that things are not what they were, and try as I may I cannot alter that decision.

My most vivid recollections of the past are those connected with what was known in schoolboy parlance as 'bumping.' I often wonder how in those tempestuous days we escaped with our lives. To poke your head into the cloakroom eight years ago was to court disaster—or to nurse a head which grew every minute larger and sorer. A prefect brandishing a prolific slipper was the cause and if really unlucky the contemptible junior was submitted to a treatment called 'demoralisation,' consisting of ear-twigging—a most painful proceeding—'bumping' and a thrashing. If the gallant offender still remained resolute as ever there was always a 'ducking' to be had in a wash-basin or under the shower-bath. I shiver from it yet. These were summary proceedings, it is true, and from the decisions there was no appeal; we knew what we should get and if we got it we were only too delighted that we did not get any more.

But now, how things have changed! If any youngster commits the error, once considered a dreadful crime, of entering the cloakroom when he should not, he receives no cuff on the ear—prefects years ago developed this practice into a fine art—no cutting thwacks with a slipper, also a stroke demanding great technique, but merely a dressing-down or some similar attempt at oratorical effusion on the part of the prefect in charge. These time-old remedies for laxity or contempt of office have passed away, *Eheu fugaces!* and have been replaced by a weapon more effective in the Debating Society than in the cloakroom. We no longer make physical and forcible impressions on defaulters, but rather mental and oral. Today the tongue is mightier than the stick. But no one will deny that the sting has been taken from the hornet's tail; perhaps that is why he is developing his voice instead.

But in other ways the schoolboy has changed, for the worse we are bound to decide. No one ever in these more respectful times wheels his or her friend down the corridor in the caretaker's wheelbarrow; no one seems to find the tops of doors very suitable supports for wastepaper baskets, empty or full; no

one has the initiative to turn art lessons into periods for chemical research ; flowers throughout the school now retain their natural shades, whereas they used to change, almost with every passing wind ; blue-black ink still remains blue-black until it evaporates or is used, and no obnoxious green fumes are seen issuing from the pots in Va classroom : no desk has now its wireless set or its electric coil with which scholars can amuse themselves when necessary, or when interest flags. I can well remember the invigorating pulse of that shock-machine as I waded through Latin proses, and that Derby day when that scholar who has gone down in the school records as 'Matchbox-Marconi' erected an aerial on the golf-course during school hours. Is ingenuity dead, or is it merely asleep ? The blue monstrosities which used to wake the furthest echoes of Alcester have gone, so have the motor cycles, so have those bikes covered with stop-lamps, electric horns, and cocoa-tin electrics. I hope those great senses—of adventure, of creation, of invention—and of mischief, are not dead ; for they are invaluable possessions.

Some of the old spirit is indeed left, as I hear of a very novel idea, invented by a visitor from abroad ; it is the "League of Bristling Beards." It is, of course, an attempt to overcome what is called the inferiority complex in schoolboys, a psychological state which can be produced through a good thrashing. It gives me great pleasure, too, to hear that that memorable annual event known to everyone around as the Spennall Duck Race is still being celebrated. Several present members of the school have interest in this event and competition is, we hear, as keen as ever.

So some of the glorious old traditions are still alive ; boys are still boys although they are changing and we fervently hope that their spirit will never die, and are almost certain it never will. And with this exhortation to the schoolboy, to enjoy every minute of his schooldays, I leave the pages of the Alcester Grammar School magazine.

L.P.

Noies and News.

The prefects this term are : (*Senior*)—Parsons (Head boy), D. Hunt (Head girl), D. Gale, P. Horseman, A. Jenkins, G. Stone, Lewis ; (*Junior*)—M. Crompton, D. Horseman, E. Simmons, R. Stone, Butt, Huxley, Spencer i, Welsby.

The Sides captains are :—*Brownies*, D. Hunt and Whitehouse ; *Jackals*, P. Horseman and Parsons ; *Tomtits*, D. Gale and Lewis.

Butt is captain of cricket, and I. Ison captain of tennis.

The Mile was run over the usual course on Alcester Heath on Friday, March 18th, and was won by Whitehouse.

At the closing assembly last term the football for improvement (the gift of the Bunting brothers) was presented to Yapp i. Football colours were handed to Baylis, Lewis and Collins i.

On Wednesday, May 4th, the Upper Fourth, with Miss Powell and Mr. Druller, attended a performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Stratford-on-Avon.

Examinations for Warwickshire County Major scholarships were held at school on May 9th and 10th.

A 'cello recital was given to members of the Musical Society on Thursday, May 12th by Miss Elsa Tookey.

On Wednesday, May 18th a party from the Upper Fifth and Sixth, with Miss Deans and Mr. Druller, visited the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon to see "The Tempest."

The school photograph was taken on Friday, May 20th.

Sports Day was Thursday, June 2nd.

The Scouts' outing took place on Friday, June 3rd, a visit being paid to Dovedale.

Half-term and Whitsuntide holidays were combined this term, on Monday and Tuesday, June 6th and 7th.

On Wednesday, June 8th, the Lower Fifth, with Miss Evans and Mr. Druller, attended a performance of "Macbeth" at Stratford-on-Avon.

The French orals were held on Thursday, June 9th.

A Spelling Bee was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, June 14th. Four teams competed, the school team proving the winners. The school was represented by Parsons (Captain), P. Horseman, D. Horseman, Bryan, Rutter and Welsby.

Cricket caps have been presented to Parsons, Butt, Whitehouse and Allen.

The examinations of the Royal Drawing Society were held from June 28th to July 1st.

Thursday, June 30th was a half-holiday, on the occasion of the visit of the Duchess of Gloucester to Studley College for the opening of a new wing.

The Oxford examinations began on Monday, July 11th.

From the sale of Arts and Crafts entries on Sports Day a sum of £5 5s. 8d. was realised. Of this £2 has been paid into the Scouts fund, in recognition of the amount of work done by the boys.

Congratulations to Diana Hunt who has been awarded a Warwickshire County Major Scholarship.

Speech Day has been fixed for Friday, July 22nd. We have been fortunate in securing Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., L.L.D., to present the certificates and give the address. Sir Frederick Whyte was President of the Legislative Assembly of India from 1920 to 1925. He is now Director-General of the English Speaking Union, and is a well-known broadcaster, chiefly on foreign affairs, having an exceptional intimacy with Asiatic life and problems.

We wish to express our thanks to Mr. B. W. Davis for the gift of a collection of coins, and to Gordon Davis for a collection of pottery, etc.

Term ends on Tuesday, July 26th.

Diary of an Amateur Gardener.

APRIL.

Monday.

Am told I need more fresh air. Various people suggest gardening. I make a bargain with a younger member of the family. If he will cut the lawn, I will trim the edges and mark it. Feel satisfied at getting the best of the bargain.

Wednesday.

Staying with Aunt with small London garden. Spent afternoon rolling lawn and weeding two yards of garden path. Surveyed work with pride. I am beginning to be quite fond of it.

Friday.

Finish weeding path. Aunt also very pleased.

Saturday.

Return home to find that brother has faithfully carried out his part of the bargain, though not without much assistance from friends and a small bribe from sympathising parent. I proceed to do my part, but receive neither assistance nor reward.

Saturday.

Told to clear garden path of all the weeds and rubbish cast upon it by others who have been tidying the border. Glamour of this kind of work has already faded. Protest that I want to do something constructive. Decide to grow marrows.

MAY.

Saturday.

Purchase marrow seeds after hesitating between White Bush and Long Green Trailing. Finally decide on L.G.T. Have visions of large and juicy marrows growing larger before my eyes. Prepare to fulfil life-long ambition of scratching my name on very young marrow with a pin and watching it grow to letters an inch thick. Consult gardening Book as to procedure. Book says dig trench "as for celery."

Saturday.

Dig trench as for celery in only available patch of garden, up above brother's precious peas and near the rubbish heap. Despot of the garden sees trench, wants to know what I think brother will say when he sees how near it is to his peas. Fills in trench, demands to see marrow seeds. Awful thought—ought I to have bought White Bush? Despot says those are all right. Return with relief to interesting book. Will plant marrows in fresh trench next week.

Sunday.

Visit to top of garden shows newly dug patch other side of filled-in trench. Packet of seeds discovered on shelf open, half empty. Despot says, Oh yes, he planted them last night. . . .

Saturday.

Plant four marrow seeds in pots in defiance of despot. Put pots in warm kitchen, water well.

JUNE.

Tuesday.

Seeds have been in for over a week—one coming up already.

Saturday.

Three of four marrows doing well. Despot's have not yet put in an appearance. Transfer pots to garden. Brother fails to live up to bargain. I cut half the lawn, and feel too exhausted to play tennis on it after persuading him to finish it.

Saturday.

Marrows have now three leaves. Transplant on plot prepared by despot, evidently conscience-stricken and also wondering at fate of his own marrows. Only three out of eight showing, and puny little things.

JULY.

Saturday.

Marrow plants growing rapidly. Falsely accused of treading on loganberry shoots when picking fruit. Denied accusation, but not believed.

Saturday.

Brother absolutely refuses to cut lawn. Says grass does not grow in hot weather, and anyhow, if I want to play on it, I can cut it. Lawn remains uncut. Flower on one marrow makes up for disgust at unchivalrous and disobliging brother.

Saturday.

Appearance of first very tiny marrow. Another flower nearly over.

AUGUST.

Saturday.

Marrows growing. They will just be ready to eat when I return from my holidays. Despot's marrows only just appearing.

Saturday.

Depart for holidays after leaving detailed instructions about watering marrows.

SEPTEMBER.

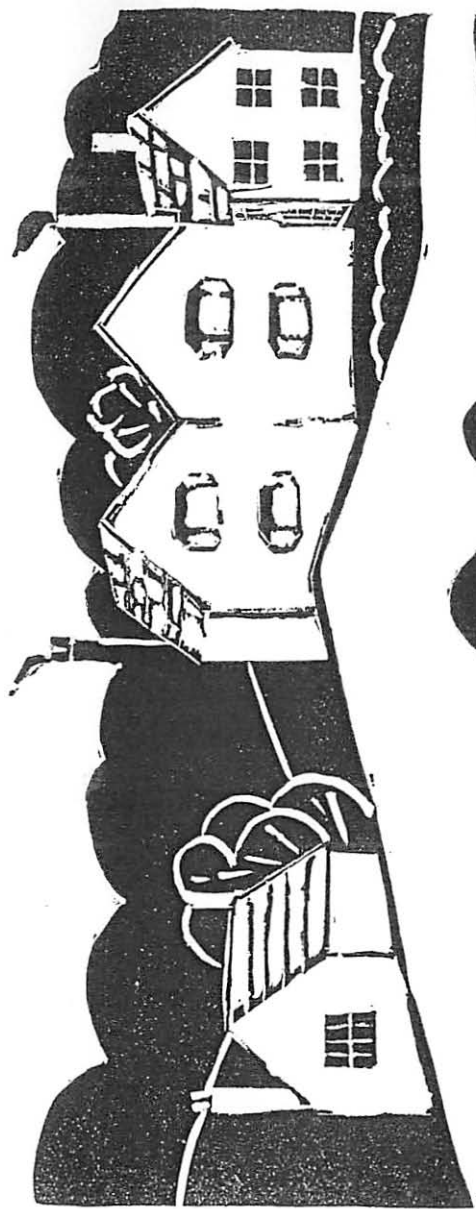
Friday.

Home tomorrow after a month's holiday. I hope the family have been looking after my marrows satisfactorily.

Saturday.

Confronted by sight of two gigantic marrows on kitchen table. They might have let me cut them myself, but never mind, they are beautiful. Enter despot—"What do you think of my marrows?" "Your marrows?" "Yes, we had yours last week—quite nice, but not as good as these."

I have decided to give up gardening.



THE BRIDGE.

A Slight Accident.

The Butler was short and fat with iron-grey hair. He was really a dear old soul, never saying disagreeable things to anyone, but he was very absent minded. He walked with a slight stoop, otherwise he would have been very upright, and one leg seemed to be a little shorter than the other. He had a round, red, chubby face always beaming with smiles, and a snub nose, which gave the impression that it had just been hurriedly stuck on as an afterthought. You would never know what he was going to do, or where he was going. In one minute he would be at one end of a room, and in another minute he would be at the other end.

Now, one day as he was carrying the first part of the evening dinner (which was soup) into the dining-room, he forgot to hold the hot plates with a napkin (as you know, he was absent-minded). He didn't notice it until he had got to the far end of the hall, and then his face changed from his usual beam into a most horrible, ugly expression, and his rosy cheeks grew redder, and the perspiration ran down his forehead. He practically ran to the dining-room (which was closed), and as he ran the plates toppled from one side to the other as he went up and down on his short leg then his long one. He did not know the door was shut, and he went into it with a "Bang, Whollop," and the plates of soup left his hands with a crash! The ladies inside began screaming, and the men ran to open the door. What a sight met their eyes! A hall flooded with soup, with little bits of crockery floating about on it. In the middle of all the mess sat a little fat man sucking his fingers. The host pulled him up and stormed at him, and all that the Butler said was:—

"Accidents will happen, sir!"

R. YATES (Lower IVA).

French Without Tears.

On a fairly bright morning at a very early hour we started in three separate groups for the North. We were all in the best of spirits and looking forward to a good adventure. As soon as we left the familiar Warwickshire scenery and commenced to drive past dirty old chimney-pots and smoky north-country towns, we began to realise that there was work before us instead of the usual lazy holiday activities.

At last we arrived safely at our destination, after a very long journey. The building, situated in beautiful grounds, was very extensive and looked most imposing, standing out amidst a very flat and uninteresting part of the country. With other groups

of excited girls we waved farewell to our parents for a fortnight and then proceeded energetically to consult various programmes and timetables to see what our next move was to be. Hardly had we been in the building five minutes when we made our first acquaintance with the matron. This particular matron will never be forgotten by our particular group. Before we knew where we were she was telling us that we should be late for dinner if we did not hurry up, and that we must certainly not be so slow in future. This was a very bad start, but it was quite impossible to hurry up, as we did not even know yet where the dining hall was.

After our first meal, we were ushered into the hall where, without ceremony, the school rules for the fortnight were read through. It would be quite impossible to repeat them all as they were so numerous. About fifty per cent. of them were rigidly broken, while the remaining fifty were just as rigidly maintained with the unfailing help of the matron. We were then introduced to the numerous mistresses who arrived in groups from various directions, most of them being French women, all of whom worked their hardest to get us girls to understand their native tongue. At first we were quite lost, but when we were forced to ask for food in French it was quite a different matter. This, of course, was one of the rules—we must speak French at meal times.

And so the fortnight passed by, while all the time we were learning French, French and nothing but French. We played charades in French, we sang French songs and we saw French films and lantern slides. But of course there were times when we re-adopted the King's English and went in parties out of the grounds into the neighbouring towns. One visit to Blackpool was particularly adventurous and full of thrills. A party of about a dozen of us started off entrusted with the charge of a very inexperienced French girl who was visiting the head. Her visit to England had been rather short and her English was not too good. In vain did she try to become accustomed to our English ways; madly she dashed along the streets and at crossing the road she was adept. She could not understand why the traffic bustled along on the left side of the road. When she wanted to catch a bus instead of waiting patiently at the far end of the queue, she barged recklessly in front of old gentlemen with their umbrellas and old ladies with their shopping baskets, who had obviously been waiting there for sometime. In vain did we try to tell her of this discourtesy, but still she stood her ground in spite of the shouts of the angry mob below her. But after these adventures and many more, we managed to arrive at school again only a

quarter of a hour late for supper, and we bravely stood up to the scoldings we received. But this time we had had a good afternoon's entertainment into the bargain.

After two weeks of similar thrills, the last night arrived. We were expected after all this time to be able to organise and take part in a concert as a 'grand finale,' and so with great gusto we all began to select French plays and learn our parts. I myself, one of the worst at French in the group, had to learn the longest part, as unfortunately I happen to be tall. I had to be the father of the party. We were then told that we had to find some sort of costumes for the show. At last after a great deal of trouble, our play was ready for the stage. My trousers consisted of a brilliant red pair of pyjamas over which I wore a large navy blue coat in the button hole of which I had a bunch of brilliant, mauve, felt violets, contrasting hideously with the red trousers. The effect certainly did bring hoots of laughter from the audience and even the matron managed to smile. Finally the last evening ended, as to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" we crossed the cold courtyard, up the still cooler staircases to our icy dormitories.

But our revels were not ended here, I am afraid, We had determined to have a midnight feast before we returned, and had arranged to have it on the last night. And so, when the old chapel clock struck twelve, we smothered ourselves in rugs and dressing gowns, and began to eat cakes, apples, bananas, and easter eggs with great enjoyment. Fortunately the matron did not catch us. She herself was in the best of spirits on that particular evening, probably thinking of the peace which she would enjoy the next day, when we should be safely tucked up in our own beds and she would have no further responsibility for us.

THE SIX.

Olla Podrida.

Can anyone throw any light on the following statement, which appeared in a Middle school composition? "I walked on a farmer with a car and a traitor drew up."

A Sixth form philosopher asserts with conviction that you cannot drive nails into thin air.

We should very much like to see the moths which produced the moth-eaten tombstones that we have heard about recently.

The thoughts of the Upper Fifth are obviously not of war. Men who mend the roads, states N.G., should be on peace work; while R.S. informs us that ships are dashed to peaces.

nondum cani nigros laesere capillos means, according to P.W.,
“not yet have they injured the black hairs of the dog.”

In no fewer than two Fifth form note books dealing with the Church in the Middle Ages it is stated that the king's consent was declared necessary for the meeting of sinners.

What is “half the bottle?”

King's Scouts at Windsor.

With two other King's Scouts and a Rover, I arrived by car at Windsor at mid-day on April 24th, and immediately encountered the remainder of the South Warwickshire contingent. Greetings were exchanged, and those whom I had met at the Jamboree shouted in chorus “How's the watch?”—the memory of my watch that would not go, being apparently still in their minds. We then formed up and marched through the streets of Windsor to the Royal Mews, where a thousand King's Scouts and holders of medals for gallantry were assembling.

At one-thirty we took up our positions in marching order, four abreast, led by the contingent standards, closely followed by the headquarters staff and our own contingent. How honoured we felt, and what facetious remarks were passed about our position as No. 1. in the line. The order was given and we marched off, via the Henry VIII gateway to the main quadrangle of the castle. For a few moments my thoughts were taken up by the battery of Press cameras and the Foden Works band from Sandbach, but soon a burst of cheering told me that at last the great event of the day was at hand. We were rapidly approaching the King and Queen, who were accompanied by the two princesses, with Lord Somers, Deputy Chief Scout, behind them. How we cheered and waved our hats; but all too soon passed on. So to the entrance of St. George's Chapel, where the Standard bearers lined up on either side of the steps. Past these we filed into the chapel, where the Warwickshire contingent took seats near the front.

At three o'clock the Dean of Windsor commenced the service with the words, “Honour all men. Love the brotherhood, Fear God, Honour the King.” Then followed a hymn and a lesson. Lord Hampton, Chief Commissioner, pronounced the Scout Law, and all the Scouts repeated after Lord Somers the Scout Promise. An address was given by the Dean, and a hymn, the National Anthem, and the Blessing concluded the service.

We passed through the Choir, and left the Chapel by the South door, and after the ceremony of saluting the flag of St. George, Lord Somers addressed us, concluding by reading a message from the Chief Scout. Then with three cheers for the King and three for the Chief, we marched back to the Royal Mews. A scrumptious tea was provided at a moderate charge. And did we want it?

F. J. H.

Worth Digging For.

The children were tired of all their games and were lying on the lawn. Suddenly Jack had an idea. He said to Jill. "Let's pretend we're pirates, and dig for buried treasure."

"Good idea" said Jill.

So they started by the lilac bush but here the ground was too hard.

Then they went to the rose bed and mined underneath the chestnut tree. After digging for half-an-hour Jack said he thought he had struck a box, so Jill started to dig with Jack also. At last they unearthed the box, but it was locked. They tried forcing it; at last it yielded, and they found it was full of mouldy old coins.

They took it to the Local Police Station, where they found the collection had been taken from a large house just outside the village. They found the house belonged to a Major Stanton. He was notified and he was, of course, very pleased, and rewarded the children with £10. Then they both agreed it was "Worth digging for."

J. KESSEY (iii).

Tug-o'-War.

It was during break, a day or two before Sports Day. The Tug-o'-war was between the Jackals and the Brownies. We were all waiting by the ropes, each hoping our own side would win.

At last the teams came out and went to their places on the big rope.

"Heave! Heave!"

The Jackals won the first part.

"Heave!"

The Brownies won the second part.

"Heave! Heave! Heave!"

The Brownies won the third part.

Victory for Brownies! Hurrah!

MARGARET MOIZER (III).

The Scouts' Outing.

The Scouts' Outing this year again took the form of a visit to Dovedale, as this trip was such a great success on our last visit two years ago. About sixty Scouts formed the party this year, in charge of Mr. Walker and Mr. Cook. The journey was very pleasant, although it had rather a bad effect upon one or two. The weather was lovely, even though one pessimist assured us that there was snow in the Lake District. The sun shone most of the day, and there was a light breeze blowing.

We left Alcester at eight-thirty, and went by road to Lichfield, where a halt was made to see the cathedral. Half an hour later we left Lichfield and arrived at Dovedale at about half-past one, and then started to walk through the Dale.

A halt was made in the Dale for lunch. It was at this time that Mr. Walker had rather an anxious half-hour, owing to two small scouts climbing one of the mountains, in pursuit of several older boys who were attempting this. They were eventually brought back into the valley, however, without suffering any harm and so everyone was satisfied.

In the valley are caves, which were thoroughly explored by most of the troop, while the rest, who were either too tired, or were thinking of the distance we still had to walk, sat near the river drinking lemonade and eating chocolate. Near to the end of the valley we had to cross the river by means of stepping stones. On our previous visit to Dovedale, donkeys were available at this point to carry one across, but this time they were not in evidence and everyone had to walk across.

We reached the end of the Dale a little before four o'clock and were then taken on the buses to the small village of Thorpe Cloud, nearby, to have tea. As the meal was not yet ready, some of the senior members of the party occupied the period of waiting by climbing another of the high hills near the village. After tea one of the Scouts took several photographs of the troop, and afterwards several of us had a game of Rugby football, with Mr. Cook and Mr. Walker as captains of the two sides.

The return journey began at five-thirty, and again a halt was made at Lichfield. This time, however, our destination was not the Cathedral, but Woolworth's stores.

At a little after nine o'clock we arrived back in Alcester, tired but certainly happy.

This outing was one of the best we have ever had, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it, even though the journey did not agree with one or two of the more unfortunate.

J. H. B.

Down beyond the Meadows.

Down beyond the meadows is a little tiny house,
 And everywhere around it is as quiet as a mouse ;
 It has a tiny garden, and a weeny little brook
 Which shelters, from intruders, a dainty little nook :
 The inmates of this tiny house are an aged couple dear
 Who always have a nice kind smile and a word that's full of cheer.

MARY TROTMAN (Lower IVb).

Debating Society.

CHAIRMAN—Miss Evans.

HON. SECRETARY—Butt.

COMMITTEE—D. Hunt, R. Stone, Parsons, Hunt i, Whitehouse and Butt.

Towards the end of last term the last debate of the present session was held. The motion—"Expediency and Efficiency are the guiding principles of Modern Life," was carried by a small margin. At the end of the proceedings the society on a proposal of the Secretary registered their appreciation of the Chairman's work ; and it seems that the society will be carried on with the same zest in the next session.

There is a probability that a debate may be held at the end of this term, and it is hoped that it will receive good support.

M. W. B.

Cricket.

CAPTAIN—Butt.

This year there seems to have been a distinct improvement in all departments of the game ; for as soon as the team had settled down after the first match at Warwick, it performed creditably against Evesham P.H.G.S., excelling in bowling and fielding. The attack fared well against Stratford—a strong batting side, while the fielding was consistent. The batting while excelling in defence, has on the whole lacked aggression ; but it is hoped that this will be remedied before the season closes.

Results :—

- A.G.S. v. Warwick School 2nd XI (Away), lost, 72—133.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 38 for 5—37.
- v. King's Norton S.S. (away), draw, 50 for 8—119 for 7 declared.
- v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (home), abandoned, Stratford 106 for 6.
- v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (away), lost, 55—56 for 3.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), abandoned, 82 for 7 (declared)—21 for 1.
- v. Parents' XI (home), lost, 129 for 9 declared—130 for 5.

SIDES MATCHES :—

Brownies beat Jackals 94 for 6—93.

Tomtits beat Jackals 48 for 5—47.

Tomtits beat Brownies 97—23.

M. W. B.

Football, 1957-58.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals.	
				For	Against
18	4	3	11	45	87

The following boys represented the School: Avery, Baylis, Biddle, Bryan i, Collett i, Collins i, Down, Gray, Green i, Heard, Houghton, Lewis, Mahoney, Midlane i, Orme, Parsons, Robinson, Shrimpton, Smith i, Webb, Whitehouse, Woods, Yapp i.

Tennis.

CAPTAIN—I. Ison.

SECRETARY—D. Hunt.

Owing to the good weather we have had this term there has been plenty of tennis practice, and many keen challenges have been played. Sides matches were played early in the term, the Jackals winning two and the Brownies one. Gold Medal matches were started at the beginning of the term.

The school has played two matches so far, winning both. The victory over Bromsgrove depended on the last two sets to be played by M. Crompton and B. Slaughter against the Bromsgrove first and third couples respectively. Thanks to the way in which these two played and won the sets, the match was won by Alcester by a narrow margin. Other members of the team were I. Ison, D. Horseman, E. Simmons and D. Hunt. The match against Redditch C.H.S. was scratched by Redditch who were unable to raise a strong enough team.

H. D. H.

RESULTS :—

A.G.S. beat Evesham P.H.G.S. by 3 matches to 1 (3 drawn).

A.G.S. beat Bromsgrove C.H.S. by 5 matches to 4.

H. D. H.

Hockey, 1957-58.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
8	—	7	1	6	70

The School was represented by D. Hunt (Captain), I. Ison (Vice-Captain), D. Ison, D. Horseman, M. Crompton, M. Woodward, E. Hawkins, M. Nall, F. Hawkes, D. Archer, B. Harris, B. Slaughter, J. Machin, Joyce Taylor, M. Williams, M. Winwood, K. Pellman, B. Bryan, J. Holder, J. Cowper, P. Cresswell, E. Simmons.

For the Juniors.

The Express Train.

Michael and John were great friends. They lived a mile from the main line to Wales. An express train went along at 5 o'clock every day except Sunday, so on their way back from school they used to wait and see it.

One day they were walking down the road when suddenly Michael looked at his watch. It said three minutes to five. They ran on quickly, for it was quite a long way to the railway line. "I hope we haven't missed it," panted John as they reached the line. "I don't think so," he went on, "Have a look at your watch, Mick." He looked. "Five o'clock. Just in time," he said.

They waited quarter of an hour but the train still did not come, "What ever has happened?" said John, "Let's go farther down the line and see if it is there." Both of them ran as fast as they could. Michael was the first to get round the bend in the line and there was the express with a big piece of rock fallen right on top of it. No one was in sight so they went and investigated. They soon found out that four people were injured and five killed. So off they went to find a car to take the injured to a hospital. So that was the end of a very exciting day.

TRIXIE COLLIER (Aged 9).

A Mother.

I have a pocket in front for my baby to ride in, and sometimes I push his head in before I spring, or he may fall out, for I can jump twenty feet in one bound. I eat green leaves from the trees. My fur coat is like the brown bush so that men shall not see me easily. I have a long, broad tail, so that I can balance when I do a big jump. What am I?

AUDREY VILLERS (Form II).

A Wish.

I wish I had a dog and two pet rabbits.

Every morning I would get up at seven o'clock, and after breakfast I would feed the dog and the rabbits.

Then I would take the dog a walk, and when I came back I should teach him how to sit up and do other tricks.

In the summer I would cut my rabbits' fur a little.

ANNE RUTTER (Form I).

ALCESTER :
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
